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# The Death Of Alexander Hobugel



death

pain

destruction

141 4 13

## Chapter 1 by Jarno

A new day had arrived and Alexander had gotten up.

The dead stare in his eyes said everything that had to be said.

Alexander wasn't much of a talker and at his 8 to 9 job this was becoming quite the problem.

"The weird kid" they started calling him.

"Outcast".

This enraged Alexander.

So, everyday for the next 2 years, Alexander lived his life.

He dealt with the bullies in his own way and just ignored everything and everyone around him.

There was one thing Alexander couldn't get enough of: Taxidermy.

After work Alexander would go to the forest and pick up the first dead animal he'd see.

Alexander was indeed, a very weird kid, but taxidermy wasn't the only thing on his mind.

Violence.

Lots and lots of violence.

That's how the voices started.

The voices. Oh god the voices. Everywhere he went he heard them.

These goddamn voices everywhere. He didn't hear them at first, but he does now. Alexander has been dead for a long time now. It's been a long time.

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I am the voice in Alexander's head.

I am the voice reading in your mind, and I'm here to tell you about the death of Alexander.

## Chapter 2 by THRASH4R



Argh. Tuesday. Overtime day. 8 till 9? Nope. 7 till 10. Argh. Alexander pressed - or rather, slapped the snooze button on his alarm. He then picked up his phone and called the third number down on the speed dial.

"Nat's Noodles, where no day is not a noodle day! I'm Joe and I'll be taking your order!" Great. Joe. Of all people to pick up.

"Ummm... hey Joe. It's me, Alex." Alexander replied, cautiously.

"Oh, hi! Great to hear from you!" Joe replied with more sarcasm than Alexander thought was possible, "What do you want?" Suddenly his tone was a lot less friendly.

"Well I was kinda hoping you could tell Sam I won't be in today. Undercooked sausage or something."

Joe couldn't help fitting in some of his dry humor, even though he hated Alexander "Well, OK. But only because it wasn't some of the noodles that gave you the... the..."

"Pukles? But... Anyways, thanks." Replied Alexander, trying to sound ill and barely containing his joy.

Alexander had once timed himself getting dressed. On a normal workday he took 10 minutes to - drearily - put on his uniform, yet at the weekends he was out of the backdoor and into the forest in under 3. Today he got dressed in 2. Grabbing the burlap sack he always kept by the pantry door, he raced out into the forest.

Normally it took at least an hour or walking to find something good. The roadkill was always too broken to stuff and the hunters, who never delved too deep into the forest, always took their kills with them. But, after walking for about 10 minutes, Alexander saw something that made him stop dead in his tracks.

## Chapter 3 by Aislyn



He saw a girl.

Or rather, he chose to believe it was a girl. Her body was mangled and mutilated and half buried. He thought she was beautiful, but only he could make her perfect. He made her into a work of

art, a trophy to hang on his wall. She was special. He would never leave her. She was his and he was perfect.

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